

George&Dad      George Fred Nolan

I was born on November 2, 1940 at Queen's Hospital, Honolulu, Hawaii. My name sake was a friend, Chief Petty Officer in the Navy, who provided moral support to my struggling family. Early years were spent in various ports maintaining intermittent contact with Father until we finally settled in San Pedro, California, where cognitive remembrances begins. Elementary schools attended include Mary Star of the Sea, San Pedro, Solomons, Maryland, Cabrillo, San Pedro, Fairfax in Mann County' Pollack Pines near Placerville and Whites Point San Pedro. Due to my ability to make friends quickly, by necessity, I was elected the first White Point 6th grade Class President and my political career declined from there. Fun included the beach and body surfacing, activities at the YMCA, and exploring the cliffs and seashore along Palos Verdes Peninsula. Transition to and attending Richard Henry Dana Junior High School (alias Blackboard Jungle) was tough, hostile and, at times lie threatening. Because of my early days at the YMCA boxing program, U was able to survive. After school activities included a grueling, 7day-week, paper route covering the mountainous palisade area of San Pedro which netted about \$20 per month and lasted five years. Scouts was also and important outlet for good times and I rose through the ranks to Senior Patrol Leader and Order of the arrow.

I spent many summers with my grandparents and a great deal of my contrariness stems from the strong influence of my Grandmother who attempted to remake me in her own image of denial, hard work, and frugality. On several occasions, these summer stays extended into school year and account for several of the elementary schools I attended. Grandmother Sybenga was truly a unique individual and the most unforgettable character I have ever met. During my high school summers, I was allowed to discover what real work was all about- picking pears for my Uncle Bill and others. This work convinced me that earlier decision to have a naval carer and go to the Naval Academy was a wise one. Pear picking was not my calling, my first job resulted in my termination--couldn't pick fast enough- a truly humiliating experience. My first girlfriend was Judi Kanaster who I think to this day my parents felt I should have married. The relationship pined primarily because my last year and half of high school, I attended Army-Navy-Academy in Carlsbad, California. This private school was achieved at great financial sacrifice on the

part of family consuming my Mother's salary as a register nurse.

According to my parents, this sacrifice only served to turn me into a first class snob. All things considered, I enjoyed this period of my life: sang in the operetta Trial by Jury, received best actor award to Mistal Bottom in Brother Pat, achieved superior academy award, and basically confirmed my desire to make the military a career.

My first attempt for admission to the Naval Academy failed and I attended Long Beach State College for one year. Solely because my

Father was career navy, I received a presidential appointment to USNA and graduated in June 1963. USNA was a nice place to be from, but a hellava place to go back to. Plebe year was horrific; I remember getting on the red eye flight back to Annapolis after my first Christmas leave period and would have opted to fly into the gates of hell rather than board that aircraft. Because I did not stand in the top half of my class, Adm Rickover turned me down my application for the navel nuclear power program and submarines.